"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 1.—VOL. XVII.] JANUARY, 1872. [PRICE 1½d.

LET US GO FORWARD.

TIME marches on; another and another year. We are borne along the stream to the goal of life, and it is well for us all repeatedly to reflect on the moral facts of our existence, and to be able to say whether or not we have made some progress towards perfection in those thoughts, feelings, and affections, which survive the course of years, and which may be our crown of glory and the sweetness of our dwelling place now and for ever. Time marches on, and we may be halting in the midst of low pleasures and perishable aims. Whoever loiters, time waits not, but in silent and solemn procession marches on. And no energy we may hereafter show, no tears we may hereafter shed, no prayers we may offer, no practice we may perform, can make atonement for wasted time. It is an idle and deceptive phrase, "redeeming the time." Departed time can never be brought back. Time hurries on, tarries not for the sluggard, offers her hand once and speeds along. The awful NOW speaks to us, then turns her back if we embrace her not, and is gone. It must be a poor and unhappy reflection on fleeting time if we cannot add that we have gone forward in our endeavours and attainments to better life. Alas! it is true that there are those who are anchored down to some vice, and who move only in the round of physical enjoyments; they pace the streets, and perhaps increase the sum of worldly wealth, but never became more rich towards God and the better and eternal life. This is to make a miserable use of life and years so graciously given. It is to lay up great sorrow of heart for a future day of account, instead of those reflections which would have been a source of perpetual enjoyment. May the opening year awake all such as are not alive to righteousness; and may 1872 quicken into higher thought and nobler deed every reader of these pages. It may be assumed as an unquestioned fact, the mental and moral powers with which God has endowed us, and the unbounded universe in which He has placed us, and the immortal life which He has promised us, form the best of reasons for our perpetual efforts after improvement. There is no branch of human learning, nor any line of moral experience, however exact and positive, as a science or an art, of which we can say we have attained a point and perfection it is well for us not to exceed. The most proficient in knowledge, the most refined in feeling, the most accomplished in art, always discover truths and duties before which they humbly bow, and seek new strength for fresh conquests to the latest day of their lives. They always see before them "new fields and swelling floods," fresh problems and arts for trial and for triumph, and think of themselves as children on the edge of a limitless ocean of goodness and truth. If this be so, then who among us should not have for his motto, "Let me go forward!" It is preposterous to believe we have reached a state that defies improvement. Let us examine ourselves, and society as well, and we quickly perceive a host of evils we can remedy. We are surrounded by scenes of misery we can lessen. There are sighs of despair and shrieks of trouble we can soften. Squalor, filth, licentiousness, and sin abound. Is there not abundant cause for society to go forward? We are called upon to join the campaign against moral evil, to mix in the struggle for higher life, to undertake new duties, and to help every wise and holy effort, that truth and righteousness may triumph.

Not one of us can be so weak as to think that religion has accomplished all its work, and that civilisation has gained its ultimate victory. And it is true—and this

truth we must feel intensely—that society is only improved by the improvement of its individual members, and by each home being made more affectionate and pure. It is in vain to look to the hills for help while we hold within ourselves the source of weakness and evil. Let us see that the year 1872 is a period of self improvement. As intemperance is an evil which involves our country in many disasters, let us be more temperate in everything. As ungoverned passions result in so many horrible outrages, let us control our feelings and be more than ever calm in the midst of our affairs. As false show and pride produce so many painful experiences, let us be more humble and Christ-like than we have ever been. There is no Christian virtue but we may better exemplify and more forcibly teach by our own conduct. This year let us go forward, not in that irreverent and destructive sense which has unhappily got the name, of late years, of "advance," and which means less faith, and exhibits less humility and charity.

Let our onward movement be to a humble, loving faith, a greater confidence in God our Heavenly Father, more obedience than ever to Christ our master, and a constant virtuous activity on behalf of man, our earthly brother. We sincerely wish all our readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR, and happiness will descend from the heavens, and spring up out of the earth, and be our constant attendant, if we keep steadily on the pathway of duty, and make unceasing progress towards a moral and spiritual perfection.

BE KIND.

LITTLE children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind:
God commands us to be kind;
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our care depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature,
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For, remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great Hand
That hath made the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to "be kind."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF TYROL.

CHAPTER I.—ON RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

THE long chain of Alps which stretches across the south of Europe terminates at its eastern extremity in that portion of the Austrian empire which is called the Tyrol; the very closely grouped mountains themselves and the deep and narrow valleys which lie among them forming the country, while the absence of any cultivated plains and scarcity of arable land give a peculiar character to the inhabitants, and renders their lives and habits very different from those of the rest of Europe. The wealth of the people consists almost entirely of their herds of cattle, and milk and cheese are their principal articles of food. Scanty crops of buck-wheat, rye, and oats are grown in the valleys and up the sides of the mountains, as high as soil can be found for them, and then come pastures of thin but nutritious herbage, while above these again tower up thousands of feet high, barren rocks and mountain peaks eternally covered with snow, among which lie the "seas of ice" and glaciers, which are the sources of the streams which fertilise the valleys. Some of these streams go northward and join the Danube, and thus pour their waters at last into the Black Sea; others flow south, and, joining the Adige and other Italian rivers, send their waters into the Adriatic. The main business of the inhabitants of the Tyrol may be said to consist of the care and pasturage of their cattle. No sooner does spring make its appearance than the cows, which have spent the winter in their stalls, which form the basement storeys of the valley dwellings, are driven up to the lower grass-covered slopes on the mountain side, and then higher and higher as the season advances, to where, late in the summer, the snow melts only for eight or nine weeks, and leaves the herbage exposed. There the herdsmen live with their charge, passing many months without re-visiting their homes in the valleys, and busy making cheese from the milk of their cows in their little huts, called "chalets." Late in the autumn the cows, together with the cheeses and the various utensils which have been used in their making, are carried down from the mountain again, the people in the valleys coming forth to meet their

friends and relations who have been so long exiled, and conducting them to their homes in procession with music and flags of rejoicing. In proportion to the scantiness of land capable of cultivation is the perseverance and industry of the people in turning every inch of ground to account. To secure the growth of small patches of grain upon the rocky sides of the mountain, the peasants will carry up earth and manure several miles high in baskets on their backs, and for the sake of an armful of hay the herdsman will frequently risk his neck in climbing giddy precipices to get to some little grassy ledge of rock that he can only reach by means of *crampons* of iron fastened to his feet. All the inhabitants are more or less hunters and sportsmen, and are remarkable for the fearless courage with which they penetrate among the wildest recesses of the mountains in search of game. They pursue the chamois amid rocks and precipices at the risk of life and limb, and the daring climber, skilful huntsman, and sure shot, is regarded with envy and admiration by all his neighbours, and receives a sort of homage as a superior being, and he wears proudly in his hat a tuft of eagle's feathers to testify that he has shot the noble bird which makes its nest and soars only among the highest mountain peaks ; and as a proof of his daring, presents to his sweetheart a bunch of the snow-white *Edelweiss*, a flower which grows only on overhanging precipices or high pinnacles of rock where scarcely the agile and light-footed chamois can reach. But if the Tyrolese have few vocations among them as means of acquiring wealth, they are ingenious in supplying themselves with clothing and many of the necessaries of life with the labour of their own hands. In most of their cottages are to be seen spinning-wheels and looms, the women spinning the flax grown in their fields and the wool of their sheep, which the men weave into rough cloth and sheeting, and while the wives and daughters knit stockings for the supply of the family, the husbands and sons make shoes, hats, and gloves. Laborious, simple-minded, and honest, the Tyroler has also been always remarkable for the strength of his religious feelings, and the very nature of the country seems to account for this, since few can live among the high Alps and not feel an habitual sense of dependence upon the great Ruler of the Universe. The fearful storms of summer, when the pine tree is torn by lightning, and the winter avalanche—when masses of snow from the mountain will roll down and bury the passenger, or even overwhelm and destroy whole villages with their inhabitants—a thousand dangers and oft-recurring accidents, the apprehension of which has a tendency to render the minds of the people only the more sensible and grateful for simple pleasures and small blessings ; all this has created, at all times, a strong religious feeling among the people. But for the most part this sentiment has been largely mingled with superstition ; and the traveller who now makes his way among the lovely valleys of Tyrol meets at every turn road-side crucifixes, or shrines, before which the peasant kneels or bows in reverence, and notices in the villages, the houses, churches, and graveyards adorned with pictures and images of Madonnas and saints. He sees the consecrated wafer carried in procession by priests, monks, and nuns, with the chanting of Latin litanies, and in visiting the cities of Innspruck and Salzburg finds churches adorned with gorgeous altars and shrines, and all the usual signs of a religion dependent on external symbols and rites—all which leaves no doubt that at the present day the whole of the population is Roman Catholic. But it has not always been so, and we are about to show how at one time there had sprung up among the simple and unlettered people a strong conviction of the emptiness of the forms and errors in doctrine of the Church of Rome, and so strong a desire to escape from the subjection of its priesthood, that no persecution could stifle or suppress the feeling, and that it rendered at last a large portion of the population ready to sacrifice both home and country to secure to themselves the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience and the spirit of Scripture.

To explain how this came about we must go back to the time when the Protestant Reformation had been brought about in Germany chiefly by the efforts and influence of Martin Luther, who, when he had fought out his long waged combat with Princes and Papal Nuncios, set about the task of making known to his countrymen the value of the privileges he had won for

them. Assisted by his friend, the learned and pious Melancthon, he began zealously to promulgate what were called the "new doctrines;" and to effect this he had another still more powerful assistant in the newly invented printing press, which could be employed in preparing books to enlighten and instruct the people, and above all, in multiplying copies of the Bible, which, with immense labour and study, Luther had recently translated into the language of the people. Hitherto all that had reached them of its contents were short portions read during the service of the mass in Latin, a language they did not understand; and now it was the highest ambition of Luther that the sacred volume should penetrate into the humblest cottages of the land and be read by all. He said he was determined to drive the doctrine of the Scriptures into the hearts of men, so that present and future generations might be replenished with it, and recognising no right in the priest to stand between the consciences of men and their God, each man was to become "a priest unto himself." Instructions were drawn up by Melancthon, and approved of by Luther, which were sent among the clergy who had embraced the new doctrines, and who were enjoined, while rejecting many of the tenets of the Romish Church, to make it their chief care to imbue the minds of their hearers more and more deeply with the genuine principles of Christianity, Luther deeming it his highest praise that he applied the maxims of the gospel to common life. The few printing presses then in existence were kept constantly at work upon the books and tracts prepared for distribution, in which these views were upheld; and missionaries and messengers were appointed to distribute them, together with catechisms and collections of hymns, while letters from Luther and Melancthon were addressed to all the burgomasters and councillors in the different towns, exhorting them to establish Christian schools in which children might be made acquainted with the contents of the Bible. All these means for spreading the great Protestant doctrines we may look upon as seed sown directly by the hand of Luther and his followers, and which, falling on good ground, brought forth fruit a hundredfold in North and Central Germany, where the minds of men were prepared to receive it. But it would seem that, like certain winged seeds which can be wafted far away on the breeze, take root, and germinate in remote nooks, so the principles of the Reformation penetrated into some of the most retired and sequestered parts of South Germany, and even among the secluded valleys of the Tyrol, where the influence of the Church of Rome was most dominant and active. At Salzburg, the city of most importance in the country, there reigned and ruled Archbishops of the Romish Church who were at the same time princes in secular rank and authority, so that what they decreed in matters connected with the Church they were prepared to enforce by means of civil enactments and armed troops; and though the Tyrol was nominally a part of the Austrian empire, the Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg had little to check or control them in the government of the country. Their ecclesiastical authority was, in fact, second only to that of the Pope; and the city itself, with its stately churches, palaces, and monasteries, built in the Italian style of architecture, seemed like another Rome. Perhaps the very arbitrary nature of the rule of these princely priests, and the strict control that they endeavoured to exercise over the thoughts and consciences of the people, stirred up among the latter a feeling of impatience and disgust which led them to listen eagerly to the reports which reached them of what was doing in the rest of Germany. Somehow would come to the hearing of the dwellers even in the remotest valleys, tidings of how the monk Luther had won for the people the privilege of reading for themselves the Word of God as contained in that Bible which was so zealously guarded from them by their own priests. They would hear that the people were now no longer forced to make confession to the priests, and were taught to allow no human being to stand between their hearts and God. They may have heard that now the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper might be administered as enjoined by Christ—the bread and wine both being partaken of in remembrance of him; and it may be that some missionary monks who had been sent forth by Luther or Melancthon to teach and proclaim the new doctrines, may have even reached their secluded valleys, bearing with them a copy of the new translation of the Holy

Scriptures—so wonderfully "imprinted" at Strasburg or Frankfort by the new art, that it seemed to them almost the work of magic. We can imagine—no! we can form no conception of the deep and thrilling impression left on the minds of some of these people on hearing for the first time read in their own tongue (for German is the language spoken in Tyrol) a portion of the New Testament giving the simple narration of the life, and actions, and words of their Saviour. No wonder that they asked each other why the "good tidings" were withheld from them by the priests, and were led to suspect the motive of such withholding; and no wonder that a sense of injustice and a rankling feeling of disgust, and even hatred, was established in their minds when it would be afterwards enjoined on them to acknowledge as a sin in confession to their priests that they had seen and listened to the contents of one of "Luther's Bibles"! We read of one Paul von Spretten, who had formerly been a Benedictine monk, venturing to preach openly in one of the churches of Salzburg the doctrines of the Reformation, for which he was first thrown into a dungeon and afterwards sent into exile; and it is certain that Staupitz, the friend of Luther, lived some time at Salzburg and promulgated his opinions there. But we scarcely know through any record in history of how it came about that numbers of the inhabitants of the valleys, and even in the very district of Salzburg, became Protestant in heart and secretly rejected many doctrines of the Romish Church to which they were obliged outwardly to conform. Fathers and mothers transmitted their convictions to their children, and the few copies of the Bible and other books written and circulated by Luther and Melancthon that had penetrated into those remote valleys, and had come to be considered as the most precious of their possessions, were bequeathed by parents to children through many generations, and helped to keep alive in the minds of the people a knowledge of the truth. Successive Archbishops of Salzburg were aware of this secret Protestantism, and made from time to time attempts to stifle and suppress it, of a nature only to increase the doubts of those who wavered in their allegiance to the Church of Rome.

(To be continued.)

UNITARIANISM A HOSPITABLE FAITH.

BY REV. CHARLES LOWE.

I SUPPOSE it is fair to say that one of the distinguishing characteristics of our body has always been the freedom with which it has exercised the spirit of hospitality. At any rate, it has always been one of the principal grounds of reproach against us from those outside of our body, and one of the principal grounds of foreboding on the part of our own members.

This freedom, or this looseness, whichever one may decide to call it, has been manifested in two ways: (1) As regards our hospitable bearing towards all the utterances of thought and the results of speculative inquiry. (2) As regards the want of rigidity in the methods of becoming members of our communion, I shall try to illustrate, as clearly as I can, what I conceive to be the true attitude of our own or of any other Christian Church in reference to both these relations.

HOSPITALITY IN REGARD TO THOUGHT.

And first as to its bearings towards the intellectual movements of the day. Take the connection of science with theology. Unitarianism has taken the lead, as we know (to such a measure as to bring reproach upon itself), in its cordial attitude towards science and philosophy, and in its readiness to accept the results of their investigations. Now this position of ours some honestly believe to be a token of the unspirituality of our faith and a sure prognostic of our decay. It becomes us therefore seriously to consider what we understand and intend our position, in this regard, really to be. We want to understand just how far the true hospitality which our principles compel us to exercise ought to carry us, whether there are any limits to it, whether there are any dangers in it of which we need to beware.

At the outset, I am free to say that the tendency of modern science, in its relation to religious faith, is very alarming. A few months ago a jubilee was observed to celebrate the memory of the man whose name occupies the highest place among the scientific men of the century. On this occasion, in most of our cities ministers and scholars could hardly express strongly enough their admiration for this great man. And what was his attitude towards

religion? Prof. Agassiz was able to point out two passages in the immense mass of Humboldt's writings in which he vaguely assumed the existence of a God!

The fact is, that from Humboldt, on through the whole honoured and noble list of scientific men of the present century—of course with many exceptions—there is a manifest and appalling connection between science and unbelief. Therefore, I would say that, however cordial our deference to science and philosophy may be, it must not imply an absolute surrender to them, unless we would make shipwreck of all! To my mind the true position is very clear and very easily defined. There is a domain within which science is absolutely mistress, or rather in which she is the accepted handmaid of truth. In that domain, which touches, moreover, in many points the province of religion, the results of science should be acknowledged and obeyed, even if they overturn our accepted or cherished beliefs. But there is a domain in which science is as blind and helpless as in the other she is powerful and discerning. And it is a domain which, as regards religion, is well-nigh all in all.

We have watched the marvellous attainments of science and followed her revelations with such wonder and delight, that, fascinated with her leadership, the age is almost ready to accept her guidance everywhere. We see what hidden stores of wisdom she brings to light; we see with what precision she reveals the laws and phenomena of nature; and the world stands in awe of her, as the sun in the heavens veils his face in the eclipse precisely at the moment foretold a generation ago—all the manifold perturbations affecting his mighty course accurately allowed for, and the whole scene repeating itself just as we had been told to expect. What wonder that the world should ascribe to science all the keys to the truth of God?

But the greatest of all His mysteries God has "withheld from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes." Nor do I say this merely rhetorically, or to save the credit of religion against the implication which such want of recognition from science would involve. It is precisely analogous to many other well-understood things in the nature of our constitution. There are many distinct realms for which we have distinct faculties of perception.

For example, the appreciation of music demands a peculiar capacity. Science cannot impart it. Science can investigate the laws of sound, can measure its intervals and analyse its organs, but cannot interfere with nor even comprehend its influence upon the soul. The man of science may be as destitute of the capacity for enjoying music and as ignorant of its harmonies as the dullest clod. Yet suppose that Humboldt and all the rest should be thus destitute, and should declare, upon their great authority, that this talk about music and the rapture of its admirers was all a whim! What should we conclude? Not that, therefore, it must be all unreal, but simply that, with all her greatness, here was a province with which science had not to do. In this Beethoven and Mozart would be our authority, or any other persons, however simple and unlearned, who had actually felt and known the power of music in their souls!

Just so the great things of religion are seen, not by the eye of science, but by the eye of faith! It does not weigh one feather in the scale against the testimony of faith, that science does not comprehend and confirm its revealings. For all these things we should no more go to Humboldt, and Huxley, and Darwin, than, for things pertaining to science, we should go to the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" or to a Methodist class-leader. Against them all we should believe in Paul, and Wesley, and Channing when, from their own experience, they testified of the reality of spiritual things and of God working in the soul!

Now all this is entirely consistent with that cordial and fearless greeting of science, which, I repeat, is in every way to be encouraged. So far as Unitarianism has led the Christian sects in such greeting, let us be glad of it. It is not only true to the demands of truth, but it is giving to us now a position of influence. Some Christian sects have insisted that whatever has become associated with the revelation we have received is sacred truth which it is profanation to dispute. No wonder that scientific men, knowing that they are right on these points, should impatiently reject the whole claim of revealed religion.

And when, besides, the creeds look coldly on the sublime discoveries of science—jealous lest they should trespass on their accepted medium of revelations—it is no wonder that men of science are alienated and repelled. They can best afford to discriminate and criticise who are appreciative and fair. Who knows but that yet, through a common recognition of the respective province and authority of each, we may yet see, and ourselves help to usher in, the day when science and religion shall be hand in hand ?

HOSPITALITY IN REFERENCE TO PRACTICE AND BELIEF.

I have thus touched upon the nature and the limits of true hospitality, for the Church of Christ, in reference to thought. And although it has been illustrated only in reference to a single department, this illustration indicates a principle which may be widely applied.

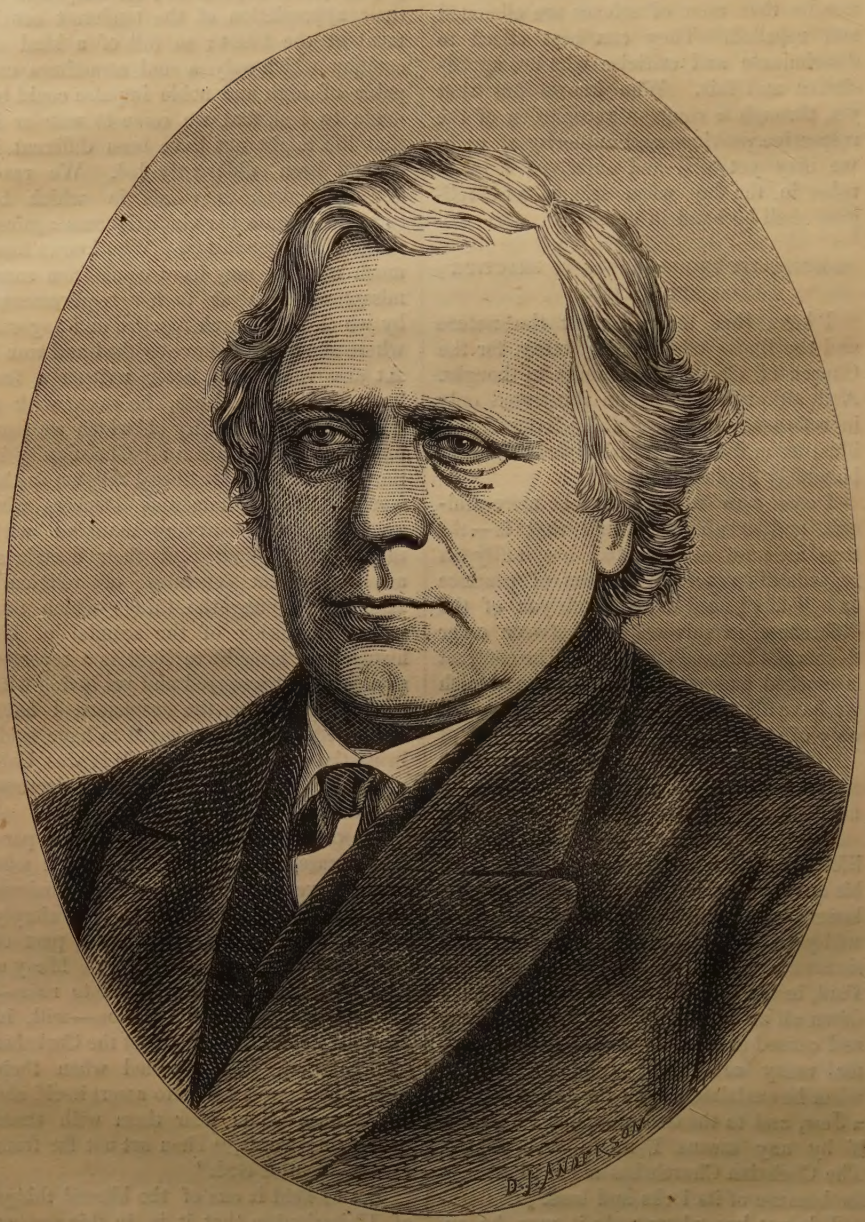
I come now to what may be more difficult and troublesome, and that is—the true measure of Christian hospitality as regards differences in matters of practice or belief. I need not remind you of the differences, in this respect, between other denominations and our own. The contrast is marked indeed, and the freedom which we have allowed has been the occasion, not only of reproach against us by people of other sects, but, also, we need not disguise it, of serious forebodings on the part of many among ourselves.

Well, we remember that, in our Saviour's life-time, there were many, not only of his adversaries, but also of his sincere followers, who either loudly complained or whispered doubtfully, "He walketh with sinners and eateth with them." And when Paul, in his great liberty of soul, trampled down all distinctions, he gave great offence, and caused scandal to the Christian name, for many could not comprehend him when he exclaimed, "To the Jew I became a Jew, and to the Greek became I a Greek, if by any means I might save some." The Christian Church has much to answer for because of its locks and bars.

I do not know how truly it may be an illustration of this, but take even such a life as that of Lord Byron. We have lately been made (whether we wish to or not) to trace some new revelations of his abandoned career. He makes us sick at what he shows of the depth which human wickedness can reach. But read some of those wonderful lines to which that strange genius gave expression; so exquisite in their appreciation of the tenderest sentiment of the heart; so full of a kind of emotion which only a soul sometimes capable of high and noble impulse could be made to feel, and we come to wonder if that life might not have been different if it had been differently led. We read those blasphemous words in which he sometimes vents his vindictiveness against religion and her forms. Who knows how much all this may have come from some misapprehension as to her requirements, by which the Church repelled and angered where she ought to have soothed and won ? At any rate, in a letter written a few hours before his death, he says, with a bitterness, the intensity of which we perhaps can hardly fathom : "Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are constantly worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the great enemies of religion." And now among the things which this recent exposition of the scandal of his history has brought to light is a reported saying of that wronged and yet loving wife confirming, so far, the suspicions I have expressed. She is reported to have said, in partial apology for him : "It was Calvinism, and his belief in its stern decrees, that drove him from religion."

However it may have been in this particular case, who can doubt that some who might have been among earth's choicest spirits have been lost to religion, simply from want of recognition on the part of her professed representatives ? Many a soul that here has been led into ruin—through coldness and isolation—will, in the judgment, cry out against the Christian Church, that, in the period when their higher being was ready to assert itself, she never once came near them with those quickening words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Let us hold it one of the blessed things of Unitarianism that it is, in this respect a Liberal Church ; that, with warm and loving sympathy, and with ardent yearning to seek and to save, she can go about her Master's business, not afraid even to go and ask all to come in.



THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

BROOKFIELD CHURCH, GORTON.

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

PROBABLY only a few of our readers may have seen this eloquent and successful minister of Unitarian Christianity, and we therefore present a very fair likeness of our friend, who had just returned from England to America to witness the sad desolation of Chicago, and the destruction of his church building, which had cost £40,000. Mr. Collyer is now in the forty-ninth year of his age, and was born at Keighley, near Leeds. His father was a blacksmith, and died at his anvil, an honest and good man, who left a widow and several little ones to be cared for, educated, and trained for some business. Robert was made a blacksmith, and became on attaining manhood a lay preacher among the Methodists. He acknowledges his vast indebtedness to the Sunday-school and the religious friends of his youth, and the constant love of good books. Mr. Collyer's history and immense usefulness is a great encouragement to Sunday-school teachers, also to ministers of all denominations, to enlist the services of young men to preach the gospel. We should certainly have been without his ministering power but for those agencies of usefulness. He emigrated to America upwards of twenty years ago; there he joined the Methodist Church, and became one of its lay preachers. In Philadelphia he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Furness, the Unitarian minister, for whom he conducted a religious service; this gave great offence to his Methodist friends, who desired to restrain him from preaching the Gospel to Unitarians. After a thorough examination of the differences which lie between Trinitarians and Unitarians, and the Scriptural evidence in the matter, he became a hearty Unitarian, and was appointed to a Ministry-at-large chapel in Chicago about thirteen years ago. Since that time his course has been one of constant eminent usefulness and popularity. He is sometimes called the Beecher of the West, and sometimes the Poet-preacher of America. He has blessed the people everywhere he has gone, and to hear and see him once is to love him for ever.

He has printed two handsome volumes of sermons, which may be had at the office of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, 178, Strand, London. The price of these volumes of most interesting discourses is six shillings each, post free.

BROOKFIELD CHURCH, GORTON.

THIS church, erected in place of the old chapel, bearing date 1703, which will shortly be taken down, fronts the Hyde-road, on a site adjoining the present schools and burial ground. The main entrance to the church is through the tower, on the north side (which is parallel to the road), the lower part forming the porch. Above is a ringing chamber and belfry, containing a peal of eight bells (by Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, of London); the tower being of more ornamental and elaborate character than was at one time intended, and finished with a graceful spire, which rises to a height of 150ft. from the ground. At the angles are carved the emblems of the four Evangelists, "The Angel, Lion, Bull, and Eagle." The building is designed in the Gothic style of architecture, and may be described as "Geometric decorated;" it is faced entirely with stone on the outside, having ashlar dressings of Darleydale stone to the doors, windows, buttresses, angles of tower, &c., and the spire is wholly built of the same description of stone. The church consists of a nave 77ft. long, 21ft. wide; north and south aisles, each 70½ft. long, 10½ft. wide, making a total width of 42ft. inside; chancel 25ft. long, 19ft. wide, the communion being raised above the floor of the nave by three steps; organ chamber on the north side of chancel, and vestry on the south side (with heating chamber under). There is also a porch on the south side, near to the schools, and convenient for the use of the teachers and scholars. The church contains comfortable sittings for 264 adults, 162 children, and 24 singers in the choir, in all 450 persons; but it would really accommodate from 500 to 600, should occasion require. Internally the effect of the building is very much enhanced by the introduction of polished red granite columns between the nave and aisles (which divide the length into six bays), and to the shafts of chancel arch; the arches being all of stone, with labels above springing from carved corbels, having the lily, passion-flower, and other emblematic foliage. The chancel floor is laid with Minton's encaustic tiles, of a rich pattern. The roofs are of pitch pine, with the timbers exposed to view, and the internal woodwork generally, including the seats in nave and aisles, are also of pitch pine, stained and varnished; but the choir stalls and wood fittings in and

adjoining to the chancel are of oak. The pulpit has a Caen stone base, with richly coloured marble columns supporting same, the upper part being of carved oak, with very handsome brass rails and balustrade. The desk, communion table, and organ screen are also of carved oak; the latter being filled in with metal pipes, richly coloured and gilt. There is also a brass lectern, for reading the lessons, presented (with a Bible) to the Rev. G. H. Wells, M.A., by his brethren of the widows' fund, in recognition of his long and valuable services as secretary. All the windows are filled with stained glass, in geometrical patterns, suited to the style of the architecture, by Messrs. Lavers, Barraud, and Westlake (of London); and the east window in chancel, containing four lights, is of a more elaborate design, having in each light a device formed by the palm, lily, rose, and vine, with suitable texts, the lower part being of rich grisaille work, and "the Lamb" in octafoil above. The church will be lighted by six brass coronæ, suspended from the nave roof, and a larger one in chancel. The communion table has a crimson velvet cover, filled in (behind the ornamental open woodwork) with embroidered patterns in silk on the velvet, having the monogram I.H.S. in the centre, and emblems in the side panels; these, and the cushions for pulpit, desk, &c., are manufactured by Messrs. Brown and Son. Two very handsome oak chairs have been made by Mr. Lamb for the communion, and covered with velvet to match the church furniture. A large and powerful organ has been built by Mr. Jardine (of Manchester), which is considered a very fine instrument by competent musical judges. The church is heated by Messrs. Haden and Son, on the hot-air system, which promises to be very successful; and special consideration has been given to this, as well as the ventilation. The building has been erected by the general contractors, Messrs. Clay and Son, of Audenshaw, who have executed their work in a very creditable manner, especially the masonry and woodwork. Mr. Thomas Worthington, of Manchester, is the architect, under whose direction the whole of the works have been carried out. The cost of the church (exclusive of the keeper's house, boundary walling, and some other outside work), will be defrayed by Richard Peacock, Esq., J.P., of Gorton, who is thus making the congregation a most munificent present, and setting an example well worthy of imitation by other wealthy Unitarians, as a means of propagating the simple faith which they hold so dear.

THE TWICE-BLEST DAY.

Religion and science may at least join hands to perfume with their sweetest incense Christmas Day. Not only do Christian men and women agree to celebrate it as the birthday of the Saviour of the world, but also, and with greater certainty, may the philosophers of every country on the same day commemorate the advent of Sir Isaac Newton, for he was born on Christmas morning of 1642. It is well for the education of the world that there are those saints' days in the calendar of the year when all can emphasise the virtues and the learning of the richly gifted spirits God has sent, to guide our feet into the way of peace, and to bless the whole of our race. No person of any intelligence can question this fact, that Jesus the Christ stands at the head of the religious life, most remarkable for its influence, and most hopeful of winning a universal victory over sin and superstition. He is the king of men, and master of the ages. And of Sir Isaac Newton it has been justly said, "He is the prince of philosophers," and that no single man has done more by discovery or demonstration to lift our entire race out of the confusion which bewildered past times. It was a custom of the divines of former times to institute parallels between the character and life of Christ and the heroes of Old Testament celebrity; it may be not less useful to make a few remarks on some similarities between the Head of the Christian Church and the Chief of the Scientific World. It may be a little fanciful, but shall be at least reverential. Science and philosophy celebrate at the same moment the birth of their kings. The one was born in a stable; and how little might be expected from such a humble beginning! The other when born was so sickly and diminutive a babe, that no one thought the infant would live a single day. It was a sad morning for the mother of Sir Isaac Newton, for her husband had been carried down to the grave a few days before. Who, therefore,

will despise the day of small things? Here are two marvellous lives that shed their light over all the world, and through all the future ages, with a very humble origin. Both these spirits cast in human mould have created, as it were, a new world.

Before Newton came, the laws which govern matter and keep in order the worlds were unknown. Pope wrote of Newton,

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said let Newton be, and all was light."

No one has ever blamed the poet for these happy lines. There was light from Newton's mind that filled the world with profound reverence and high admiration. And of Christ we have but to quote the language of Scripture of him as a religious influence: "The light of the world," "The light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," "He brought life and immortality to light." He has taught us of the central force, and its laws, which will hold all humanity together, and will produce a world of moral harmony and perfect beauty. How properly those two great minds have been exalted to the topmost positions of human thought and feeling! The loftiest intellect bows with reverence to Newton. The purest and the most tender, loving heart casts its crown at the feet of Jesus. We all feel now in the study of the universe a profound and almost overwhelming conviction of the infinite vastness of creation; and in the revelation of the Gospel we are lifted up and enlightened, and almost overpowered with the promises of a glory eye hath not seen nor ear heard—of a progressive and endless life. The heritage of the mind here, and of the soul hereafter, have been enhanced by those two great names. Christ now and then intimates to his disciples how little as yet they know of his glory and the glory of the Father; but what they know not now, they shall know hereafter. And the gifted mind of Newton, comparing what he knew with what he yet may know, says, "I seem to have been like a boy playing on the sea shore diverting myself, and now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Both of these teachers had to battle with the ignorant and the prejudiced of their day. Both of them were men of the greatest humility, adorned with meekness and with the ardour of love. Both of them were singularly natural, affecting no eccentricities. Christ spoke to men's hearts by some simple word which needed no proof to win conviction. It is said that Newton saw the truth of the most abstruse propositions almost intuitively, and the most eminent mathematicians were simply astounded at his readiness and accuracy, to them like a natural inspiration. The celebrated Leibnitz was amazed at Newton's intellect. De L'Hospital, the French mathematician, asked, "Does he eat? does he sleep? is he like other men? for I picture him to myself as a celestial genius." The witnesses of Christ's wondrous life also marvelled and said that "God was with him, and glorified God that he had given such power unto men." How religiously both lived! how patiently both suffered! The physician of Newton says that during his last illness great drops of sweat used to stand upon his brow, the proofs of excruciating pain. He never breathed a complaint, he never uttered a word but that of perfect resignation to his heavenly Father's will. How like him who sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and said, "Not my will, but thine be done." The sovereign balm of immortal life was felt by both in death, and both committed their souls to Him who careth for us all in all our cares.

It is sometimes a problem with our wisest and best of men how science and religion may be won and wed together, and made one for ever. We believe they were so in both the minds of Christ and Newton. Who would dispute the science of Newton? and it is beautiful to see the devout, reverential, and child-like trust of this eminent man in the Christianity of Christ. It is true that Sir Isaac Newton was a Unitarian, this he learned from the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and it is true that some less enlightened mind might therefore deny his religion. To such we do not address ourselves at this time, but to those who love science, and who wish to see religion and science completely harmonised and joined together in one human character, as they have been, and as they may be, and are this celebrated on the twice blessed day, the happiest of all the year, Christmas Day.

THE ADVICE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

THERE is a family in the East that has in the place of honour an ancestral salt-cellar—a donkey bearing two panniers. And this is the history belonging to it. The ancestor of their race was a little Jew pedlar of Bagdad, who traded in silk, and carried his merchandise on the back of a donkey saddled with two panniers. He loaded his silk into one of the panniers, and filled the other with stones to balance the burden. One day a man who fell in with him on the road, observing the load, asked, "Why do you take the trouble to carry all those stones?" "Can't you see," said the pedlar, "otherwise my donkey would go lop-sided." "But," said the other, "what do you say to putting half the silk into one pannier and half into the other? Would not that do as well?" "Capital idea!" said the pedlar, "I never thought of it before. I'll do it." So he threw out the stones, divided the silk into two even bundles, one on each side of the ass, and continued his way. But presently, looking at his companion, he said, "You seem to be very poor; how comes it that so clever a man as you, with his head full of fertile ideas, should never have made his fortune before this time?" "True," answered the other, "I am poor, and yet I have not been without some good chances and opportunities either; but somehow or other I have been unfortunate." "You have been unfortunate, have you?" said the pedlar. "O! you have been unfortunate. Then, if so, I think I'll put my stones back again." So he turned back, shifted his silk all into one pannier, gathered up the stones again into the other, and then went on once more with his journey. By and by he reached Damascus, and sold his silk very well. But just at this time the Pacha was building a mosque in that city, and needed a little more of a particular kind of stone to finish one of the corners. Now this stone happened to be just the very same kind as those the pedlar had brought in his pannier. And when they came to be seen by the Pacha, he offered and gave such a sum for them—far more than the silk had brought—that it was the making of the pedlar's fortune and the starting of his family. And the donkey and the two panniers have ever since been one of the armorial bearings of his descendants, together with the motto—"Never follow the advice of an unfortunate man."

THE RELIGIONS OF VARIOUS RACES AND NATIONS.

SAVAGE TRIBES.

WE propose during the present year to present, in as brief and correct a form as possible, in the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, a series of sketches of the various great religions which have prevailed outside the Christian pale; and so we begin with a few remarks on the *absence* of religion among savage tribes, or the religious ideas in the most crude and incipient state; the dawn of reverence and of conscience as found among some races in the past, and even at the present time.

There are many considerations which make the study of religion among low races interesting. At the present there are constant discussions among learned men about the origin of our race. Darwin is at the head of a class which contends that man has developed from some lower form of life. Agassiz, the most eminent naturalist of the day, with a large following of independent minds, affirms that every species, man included, is a distinct creation. We can give no opinion on this discussion, but so far as we can trace the history of religion, which is our present business, we find on the whole, stages of progress from the ruder and untutored state, a small remove from brute life, up to the intelligent, pure, graceful, and loving Christian manhood. Some divines refer to the first man, Adam, as a type, before his fall, of every accomplishment. We think the Bible tells a different tale of that first family, and pictures both ignorance and cruelty, such as we might expect to find in a primitive state. There is another interesting problem solved, to some extent, by the study of savage tribes: are these men and women without religious ideas, without moral feelings and a sense of right and wrong? Some people answer this query off hand without any heed to facts. We think the facts are such as the Bible endorse, that there are people "without hope and without God in the world." It does appear to us from the teaching of the Scriptures, the study of history, and works

devoted to the question before us,* that our religion and civilisation have arisen from lower levels of life, that as a race we have come a long journey through many ages, and that some of the mud of the way is still sticking to us. We are even yet not quite free from some of the barbarous habits and notions in which the whole population was formerly involved.

Those who treat of the theology of the lowest tribes, mark it off into several divisions. We shall select four, as, in the main, including all :—(1) ATHEISM : no God, and no religious sentiment ; (2) FETICHISM : the worship of any object which fancy may select, or may possibly throw away again ; (3) SHAMANISM : the worship of some secret power through a mystery-man ; (4) IDOLATRY : the adoration of gods through forms or images. The last may be regarded as the highest form of heathenism. Travellers have affirmed that they have found whole tribes with *no* religion, with no conception of God, no word for God, soul, or future life. Father Baegert, Lichtenstein, and others have said as much of the *Koosa-Kaffirs*, and of some tribes found in America. The stage above this deplorable state is called Fetichism, in which the savage seizes hold of a stick or a stone, or something to which he addresses his wishes, and makes his offering, and begs that he may prosper. He flatters this fetich, and if he fail in the war or the hunt, he destroys his god, and looks out for another lucky stone or tree. The fetich worshipper only holds on to his idol as long as he prospers, and always seeks to bring his god into the circle of his feelings and wishes. This form of religion prevails in Africa. Something of the same nature, no doubt, obtains in other places. It is said that the natives near Sydney take care never to whistle under a certain cliff, for on one occasion a piece of rock fell on a person whistling, so they conclude the rock does not like whistling. And a king of one of the African tribes happened to come upon a stranded anchor, and broke a piece off, and died soon after. Since that time, all the savages who pass by the anchor, or near it, bow to it, for they regard it as a dangerous customer that they cannot destroy. Another stage of superstition is called Shamanism, when some person is chosen for the same object as the African fetich, *i.e.*, to procure what is wanted by the suppliant. A kind of mystery-man, who seems to think he has, and others believe he has, power over nature, and is visited and helped by spirits in some peculiar way. This is a kind of *priestism* in a low form, for while he is at the pitch of frenzy, which his devotions always are, his words and feelings are not regarded as his own. These three stages of the lowest levels of human life find their illustrations even among civilised nations. The atheist is well known to us, and we are informed that fetichism is not uncommon among gamblers and lottery folk of our day. They carry certain lucky pieces of money, or fix upon what they call lucky days for their bets, or lucky numbers for their horses and lots, and hold by these for a time, and then cast them away when they have not been fortunate. This is just what the fetich worshipper does. And this is the only religion some of our people have. Shamanism or priestism is not difficult to understand. It puts its trust in man, not in God—in some system of religion, and not in religion itself. Possibly the word idolatry might be properly applied to the foregoing, though we in general use this word for the worship of God or gods through images. We must defer to a future article some interesting details of the savage races, and some matters enough to excite the sympathy of every heart among us. We have before us, in the lowest races, a people without any literature, no prayers, no affection, no marriage bond, no family concord, and apparently no real happiness. The sad treatment of infants, and the cruel treatment of women, and the murder of their aged and infirm people are not simply stories of missionaries to excite liberal gifts, but they are the facts of their constant life. They seem to have a melancholy satisfaction in self-inflicted tortures and cruelty. Crime appears to be a custom, and war and robbery a normal condition among some of those tribes. The Christian Church has surely a great work before it to seek and save the ignorant brutalised and lost.

* See the works of Sir John Lubbock, Tylor, and others.

KILLING THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

How silly we think that old woman! How sure we are that we could never do so foolishly! And yet we are all doing the same thing. Moreover, most of us set out in life with a whole flock of golden geese, and kill them every one off before we are forty years old.

Time would fail to name over the beautiful ones which are thus slaughtered. To begin with, there are the two, the inseparable pair, brain and stomach. What is one good for without the other? In fact, is there one without the other? Who can show which is which between them! What function is performed by either without the other? Which soonest betrays if the other be hurt? and who of us can exhibit to-day either fair creature, sound, healthy, and ready to lay golden eggs?

We eat and drink innutritious, unwholesome things. We starve, and are weak; or we are poisoned, and become positively ill. But we look for our golden eggs all the same—muscle, and wind, and nerve, and blood—day by day, night by night; all we can use for work and for play we expect to find.

Then, not content with the ravages which "kill the body," we add those which "kill the soul."

Here, for instance, is a sweet, true affection which is given to us. It is a priceless fortune for our lifetime. What do we with it?

Instead of being content with the gentle, even flow of just and equitable devotion, we demand, we insist, we grasp. The sweet thing flutters and makes effort; it takes a long time to kill this kind; it dies hard; it bears long years of weariness. It falls by piteously slow degrees into indifference, and, at last, perhaps, dies so quietly that we do not know the day or the year; but we wake up suddenly and find ourselves very poor.

Then there is our own capacity for love. What do we with that? Let those of us hang our heads who remember that once we could love better than we can now; that we have frittered on baseless fancies—and worse, which we dare not so much as name—the very sum and substance of affection within us; until now not only virtue, but strength has gone out of us, and not even beloved love itself can give us more than a "name to live."

Going on from these illustrations in the innermost life of the individual to his more outward relations with the world, we find the same reckless killing of golden geese.

It would be tedious to bring up from history a tithe of the names of the men to whom distinction came, and with whom it might have remained for ever, except that they were ruined by this same blind and hasty greed. And it would be uncivil and perhaps unsafe to point out the men of to-day who seem to us to be sitting deliberately down, laying their precious birds across their knee for the purpose of wringing their necks. Of these are many men in high places of office, many preachers, and also many men of letters. The dear public that elects, that listens, that reads, that buys, is, no doubt, a goose; but a very golden one to those who happen to get its vote, its ear, its eye, its money. Its one daily egg is so big that it passes belief how anybody could be greedy for more. But the fable is history: all men are old women with golden geese, and keep on killing and to kill!—*Independent.*

MEN WANTED.

THE world wants men—large-hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labour and the psalm of love.
The times want scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark, that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.
And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls:
To taste its raptures and expand like flowers,
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not mean and shrivelled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine.
If thou, indeed, wilt act as man should act;
If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and will strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts—
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

A CONCEITED young parson once said: — "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," retorted a lady, "when you called them your beloved brethren."

DOCTRINE OF GRACE.—The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Record*:—"A country gentleman (without family), who preaches the doctrine of grace fully, desires a temporary exchange of parish with a real brother, similarly dealt with by God."

NOT FAR AWAY. — Two little girls were walking homeward one moonlight evening. I overheard one of them say:—"Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way. It don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." So it is with God in heaven. Though he seems far away, he is keeping step with us in the march of life.

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER. — 1. If people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time—that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future exactly of the same mind. 2. Avoid having stock subjects of disputation. 3. Do not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. 4. If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. 5. Let not familiarity swallow up all courtesy. 6. We must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things.

THE "Christian Union" says that "during the pontificate of Clement the Eleventh, so late as the beginning of the last century, a preacher in Rome, intending to honour St. Ann, gave her the name of 'Grandmother of God.' It was suppressed by the Pope, who, doubtless, foresaw that if that were permitted, we should hear of God's grandfather, uncle, aunt, and cousins. But the sole spring of the offence is the first step, calling the Virgin Mary 'Mother of God.'" It seems to us that "the first step," and "sole spring of the offence," is calling Jesus "God." If we could accept the popular doctrine of the Trinity, we should not feel at liberty to protest against any of its logical consequences.

A MATTER OF FACT MAN.—We once knew a clergyman who was so rigidly and frigidly literal and matter-of-fact that he was wholly incapable of entertaining or comprehending a metaphor of any kind whatever. He believed to his dying day that Shakspeare's mind was overstrained and confused by so intense application when he wrote that there be

> "sermons in stones,
> Books in the running brooks,
> And good in everything;"

and contended that it was perfectly plain that what he meant to say was that there be

> "sermons in books,
> Stones in the running brooks,
> And good in everything."

— *Bazar.*

UNREGENERATE BOY.—Good young lady: "Little boy, have you ever been baptised?" Small heathen: "O, yes, mum; I've the marks here on my arm."

FROZEN TOGETHER.—A clergyman was asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—*frozen together.*

HYPOTHESIS.—At a college examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate answered that it was "a machine for raising water." Another said that it was "something that happened to a man after death."

EAR-RINGS.—Two little girls, an eight and ten year old, were gravely discussing the question of wearing ear-rings. One thought it wicked, the other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied, "Well, I don't care; if it wasn't wicked God would have made holes in our ears."

THE WORD CHURCH.—A clever use of the two meanings which belong to the word "Church:" — Rector, catechising a child: "When the New Testament speaks of the Church, who were the people meant at that time?" Child answers: "All true Christians." Rector: "And now, in these days, when we speak of true Christians, whom do we mean?" Child. "Those who belong to the Church." Rector, promptly: "Quite right."

A VERY LITERAL INTERPRETATION. — An ordinary man in Surrey asked his curate, during the Prussian and French war, if he did not think this war would go hard with the French. 'Nay, I am *sure* it will, added the fellow, for I was reading in the Bible but this morning, and found somewhere in Isaiah these remarkable words: — "Mount Seir shall be brought low.' 'Now, sir, you see the prophet must have meant that *mounseer* shall be brought low."

DR. SHERLOCK'S REASONS. — Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's and Master of the Temple, at the Revolution of 1688 was greatly embarrassed how to act. The Government gave him time for consideration, and, overruled by his wife's entreaties, he took the oaths. A little while after, a wag, seeing him handing her along St. Paul's Churchyard (it was customary at that time to lead a lady by the hand, not to give her the arm), said:—"There goes Dr. Sherlock, with his reasons for taking the oaths at his fingers' ends."

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:—

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 56, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, London, S.E., and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.